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LORD BURNHAM ON THE PRESS.

Lord Burnham, on taking the chair at the annual dinner of the Newspaper Fund in London the other evening, was happily able to announce a gift of \$50,000 to the fund for newspaper workers from Lady Campbell Clark—a member of the well known family that created and own The London Telegraph, and herself the widow of its long-noted chief representative in Paris. In his remarks leading up to this announcement his lordship, who has been connected actively with the press for nearly half a century, made some observations upon the growing care and anxiety of journalistic workers and the heavier burdens they are now compelled to bear, resulting from the changed conditions of newspaper making in recent years. Formerly, he pointed out, it was the duty of the newspaper to present a photograph of the interesting incidents within a limited area, while now nothing less than a biography, with all the vivid, incessant movement of masses in all parts of the world, is required. Such an extension of the scope of the newspaper has enormously added to the wear and tear of body and mind on the part of those who produce it. To illustrate these changes Lord Burnham added:

The other day I turned back to the date of the declaration of war between France and Germany. I think it was July 15, 1870. Well, if you will look to the papers of the following morning you will find that in all, from every part of the continent and from America, you got about two columns of telegraphic matter.

Now compare that with the morning following the news of the definite outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Japan. Why, within a few hours you will find in the papers six or seven columns of telegraphic matter from every part of the world; you will find long and complete articles on the armies and fleets of the two powers; you will find accurate maps, which must have been prepared with infinite labor, and you will find descriptions of the commanders of the two services of both the powers.

All this change in the service newspapers now render the people, as compared with that in 1870, is rarely realized by those outside of newspaper offices. As a matter of fact, so partial are we all to the past, and so apt are most people of middle or old age to become praisers of bygone times, that credit is rarely given for what has been one of the most significant features of the progress of the age. Not only has this progress been steady, but newspapers of today are vying with each other in devising new ways and means of increasing the fulness and completeness of the daily world biography they lay on the breakfast table, in most cases at far greater expenditure to themselves and less cost to the reader than the comparatively limited newspaper of 30 years ago.

This change, moreover, is not confined to the news part of the paper. The wider vision and the comprehensive fulness of these diaries of world events leave a heavier burden upon the editorial writer. Concerning the latter Lord Burnham, quoting a conversation of Dean Stanley, referred to the leader writer as a man of great intellect waiting for a subject on which to expend all his force—the attitude of "the crouching tiger," ready to spring. While the American leader writer is not inclined to take himself so seriously, certainly the demands of the cosmopolitan press of today, as compared with the merely metropolitan press of yesterday or the comparatively provincial press in the days before the Atlantic cable, afford opportunity for the exercise of the best trained intellect and the command of a vastly wider range of knowledge than was deemed necessary in newspaper work 30 years ago.

GETTING RID OF THE UNRESIRABLE.

The human family is divided into two classes—those who take responsibility and those who shirk it, says the Bulletin. The shirkers are the happier, and perhaps the wiser class. They usually have their own way, get what they want and use the responsables as drudges and servants.

Babies are typical of all irresponsibles. A baby simply lies on its back and demands that it be waited on. When hungry, the baby raises up its voice and promptly the hunger is satisfied. The baby does not ask whether people have anything else to do but wait upon a clamorous infant. It does not concern itself

about people's feelings or care what the world says. Plenty to eat, plenty of sleep, and relief from colic—this the baby demands of the world, and this it gets.

There are thousands of grown-up babies who refuse to assume any responsibility for themselves or anybody else, and who invariably find other persons to carry them along, to take responsibility from their shoulders and, generally, play the part of a wet and dry nurse. Sometimes the grown-up baby is a dependent brother or son or father. Perhaps he is a drunkard, perhaps lazy, perhaps only what is described as "shiftless," but in most cases he is all three. He boasts that he never worries. If he loses his position, he complacently falls back into the bosom of his family and requires them to feed, clothe and house him. Nor does he make any effort to find new employment or to keep it when it is thrust upon him. If the responsible members of the family, by exercising their interest, get him something to do, he considers that they have done no more than their duty. The world owes him a living, he believes, and he sees no reason why he should not collect it from his relatives.

There is always at least one responsible member of every family; some poor wife or husband, or mother, or daughter, or father, or son, who bears the troubles of all the others. The responsible members do all the worrying and most of the work of the family. One-half of the race is supported by the other half, the irresponsibles by the responsables, the drones by the workers; and the irresponsibles, it may be remarked, resemble drones in more ways than one, for they multiply rapidly and, when they die, usually leave a legacy of hungry little ones to be supported by the responsible portion of the family.

The care of a few irresponsibles is a clog on a rising man, but there are few men of achievement that have not borne one or two shirking relatives on their backs in the upward climb. An ambitious man, elevating himself, endeavors to drag the rest of his family upward with him.

It would be an excellent thing for the world and for the responsables if all the irresponsibles, the dependents, the parasites, the lazy idlers, the drunkards and other incompetents—excepting, of course, the bodily infirm—were to be shipped to Africa and there left to their own devices. Africa and the irresponsibles both need development. It would be a shrewd action for all the civilized nations to set apart the African continent as a dumping ground for able-bodied parasites of all kinds. There, among strangers, the irresponsibles would be forced to bear responsibility and look out for themselves, and the responsables in Europe and America would be relieved of great burden. No doubt in Africa the feeble parasites would fasten upon the stronger and one-half the population would still support the other half; but at least the new conditions would train many to habits of responsibility, and certainly Europe and America would be better for the riddance of all irresponsibles.

Champ Clark, in the Saturday Evening Post, depicts the course of department life in the following graphic manner: "I have no sort of doubt that there are old, gray-haired men vegetating in the departments who, if they had never secured a clerkship in Washington, would have become great lawyers, doctors, preachers, editors, authors, scientists or merchant princes. To many of them the notification of their appointment, which filled their hearts with joy and conjured up before their mind's eye gorgeous visions of conspicuous and lucrative careers, was an unmitigated curse. They came to Washington full of lusty life, of high resolve, of lofty ambition; they are here now, fallen into the mire, the yellow leaf, their energies gone, their aspirations dead, their talents frittered away by the service on a treadmill, with only one purpose remaining—to hold onto a job; and unless dismissed sans ceremony, they will be here when the inexorable and inevitable messenger, who comes for all and will not be refused, knocks at their doors, even though he should postpone his unwelcome visit a thousand years."

Colonel Watterson, with many picturesque and emphatic avowals, says he still draws the line at Cleveland. The colonel also, in equally emphatic and picturesque ways, has drawn the line at Hearst and Bryan. In fact, drawing the line is one of the colonel's most strenuous avocations in these degenerate political days.

The people of Portland are to ask the legislature for more money to successfully carry out the Lewis and Clark fair project. There is some difference between asking and receiving.

Judge Parker refuses to offer any suggestions on what a president ought to do which might possibly be of service to a rival candidate of success.

In contemplating the Chinese assurances of neutrality Russia can not help remembering that China is something of a prevaricator itself.

It would be too bad if someone else should have the floor when Judge Parker finally decides that he is ready to speak.

It is feared that California regards Mr. Hearst as an eastern man, while New York looks upon him as a westerner.

JUST FOR INSTANCE.

Last chance to sell your vote!

Aw, what's der use of runnin' for congress, anyway?

The man who has come through this campaign without having his character smirched is by far too righteous to be elected!

Now, altogether, for sheriff, — 211

The people of Multnomah county haven't a word to say about it.

Always Remember—

There's many a maiden with golden locks whose father furnished the gold. It is vastly impolite to gauge a woman's complexion by the drug store at which she trades.

When a man declares that he sees nothing extraordinary in a certain woman it is time to pick out the present.

Graft never wins out—for if it wins, no one dare call it graft.

Elections are serious and high-minded things—for the man who backs a losing candidate.

That some day there will be a battle in the Russo-Japan war.

By the way, there were plenty of battles in the Yanko-Spanko war.

It is about time we were hearing a little more about that bandit.

A vote for Hermann is a vote for Hardesty for vice president!?!?

For tomorrow—Hoch der common people!

We feel sorry for the unfortunate rich. With all their wealth they can sell but one vote!

It is now up to the small boy to sell all the old rubber and lay in a supply of ammunition for the Fourth.

Said the man on the sprinkler, who was also a church deacon: "Let us (s)pray!"

And tomorrow comes the snow-storm. 'Snow lie!

Had local option explained to you yet?

There is one bad point about local option—if a man has to walk out of his precinct every time he wants a drink he will develop an awful appetite. Prohibitionists take notice.

If local option wins, there will be an awful increase in the drug (?) trade!

The antics of the Oregonian is a thrilling example of a sick kitten getting next to a warm brick!

Anxious Enquirer—No; there wasn't a fire yesterday. That was only the tournament hose team getting into shape!

McCULLLEY.

A WOMAN'S BACK.

The Aches and Pains Will Disappear if This Advice Is Followed.

A woman's back has many aches and pains.

Most times 'tis the kidneys' fault. Backache is really kidney ache.

That's why Doan's Kidney Pills cure it.

Many women know this.

Read what one has to say about it: Mrs. Painter, wife of J. W. Painter, expressman, living at 310 East Seventh street, Portland, says: "I have had more or less kidney trouble all my life. When quite a young girl I had a severe spell of sickness, and all who knew me thought I was going to die. I finally recovered, but ever after my kidneys bothered me and I have suffered at times terribly. I could no more lie on my left side than I could fly, and could not stoop to pick anything off the floor without working myself up gradually by placing my hands on my hips. In addition to this there were headaches, dizziness and trouble with the kidney secretions, for all of which I doctored and used more than one remedy said to be a sure cure for such annoyances. Nothing brought me relief compared with that received from Doan's Kidney Pills. The results stamp that remedy as one fully up to representations made for it."

Emphatic endorsement can be had right here in Astoria. Drop into Chas. Rogers' drug store and ask what customers report.

Sold for 50c per box by all druggists. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

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The least busy counter in your store is where the things you didn't advertise are sold. Look about the store and see.

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